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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL

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FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
HON. J. H. FUNK, Iowa Falls; Speaker Iowa House of Representatives.
HON. W. H. MCACHRAN, Bloomfield.
REV. SOPHIE GIBB, Boone.
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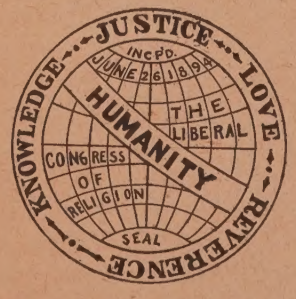
J. G. CHERRY, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. J. H. OWEN, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

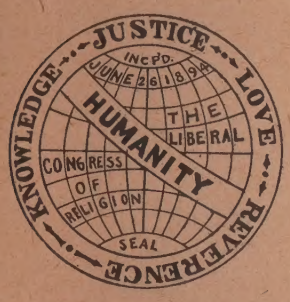
In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion ; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.*

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1898. NUMBER 52



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

A quickened sense of what our life is for is coming to the people; the common joy is coming to be comprehended as a part of the joy of the Lord, which is our strength; the common mind begins to see that matter and spirit are but different sides of the same shield, and is rising to the concept that between the secular and sacred there is no line of demarkation, but that the universe is one, its forces are one, its throbbing, ever-present energy is one, and "all we are brethren." The life that now is, engrosses human thought more than it has since the happy days of that Greek art which concentrates the joyous gaze of all mankind. One world at a time is insisted on, and not without reason, because if rightly used it proves to be to human souls the gate to greater worlds beyond.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

An exchange says that there are 1,187 religious newspapers and periodicals with an average circulation of 12,566 copies now published in the United States. A mighty power for good, but here, as elsewhere, quantity needs to be subordinated to quality. Fewer and better. Concentration is the word of the century. No paper, religious or otherwise, is justified unless it has a field unique, which others would not and cannot occupy. Every message must have its messenger, but oftentimes the message fails to be delivered when the one message is entrusted to many messengers. Sooner or later a paper lives or dies by this test.

In strong headlines we read that the new Attorney General, Joseph W. Griggs, of New Jersey, was recently honored by a public dinner, served at a New York hotel for $100 per plate. The despatch boastfully claims this is the most expensive banquet ever given at that establishment. The ethical eye reads between these glowing lines the record of humiliation and shame. Fie! on the United States Attorney General that accepts such a false exposition of what constitutes a great advocate or a wise jurist. Surely the cause of the toiler, the interest of the millions who must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, may well take alarm when the interpreters of justice and the executors of state in democratic America flaunts itself in these "golden" numbers. It is one more evidence of which we have too many, of the domination of capital, the buying power of millions associated with the administration at Washington. It would seem as though almost anything could be secured nowadays, from senatorships to Cuba, by purchase.

In a recent exhibit by the Chicago artists, portrait busts were exhibited of great as well as artistic interest. Lorado Taft presented a bust of Chief-Justice Fuller. Gelert, the author of the memorable group, "Out of Work," at the World's Fair, exhibited a bronze bust of Dr. Poole, the great librarian; Miss Maud Isabel Moore, a plaster portrait bust of Dr. Thomas Kerr of Rockford, a subject dear to many of THE NEW UNITY readers. Sigbalt Asbjornsen had a bronze bust of the lamented H. H. Boyesen. When new artists find their inspirations in the new life and seek to interpret the best of their own day they will cease to be imitators and copyists, and become, themselves, creators and masters. This is true all the way from the workers in clay to the high art of molding and modeling spirit, the art of noble living.

Freshness of vision often amounts to revelation. How familiarity blinds. Emerson somewhere makes the undignified suggestion to the man who desires a startling revelation of the beauty of the landscape, to look out from between his legs. The unusual angle of vision makes the familiar, strange, and the commonplace, striking.

Two ministers exchanging pulpits received entertainment, each at the other's home. Upon the return of one to his own fireside, the wife listened to his somewhat pointed account, related, in part, a little reproachfully, of the well-ordered home, beautifully-behaved children, and perfectly-trained servants of his brother minister. He touched also upon the fact that the wife was such a help in the parish and seemed to take everything so comfortably. Strange to relate, the other wife heard an almost identical story.

A subscriber from Polo, Ill., writes:

"I have just read Mr. Fisk's review of Mr. Dole's 'Coming People,' and wish to add a hearty amen to all he has said of the book. It is one of the sanest books published during the past ten years. If you have space in the next number of UNITY, please say this for me."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings is the truth established," is holy Scripture. This principle sometimes finds strange and unique exemplification. A friend sends us these "true Oshkosh stories:"

A devout Episcopalian mother was teaching her little five-year-old her Sunday-school lesson. "I don't like God, anyway," said the maiden.

"Why not?" from the horrified mother.

"Because I do n't think it was very nice of him to send his son Jesus down here to be knocked around and abused so while he stayed up in heaven and had a good time!"

This story matches the Fond du Lac little girl's who had a present of a "child's Bible." After conning it a while she was observed to count something on the first page. "I do n't like that book," she said. "It's too God-dy for me."

Give the child a Bible and help it to appreciate the manliness found in the pages, and instead of being "God-dy" it will stir the Godlike in the child nature.

A copy of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* at hand gives the following items for the making of the program of the Iowa Congress, the call for which is still found on our second page:

The speakers who have thus far promised attendance at the "Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion," to be held in this city the last week in April, with the subjects upon which they will address the people are: Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of the People's Church, Chicago, who will preach the opening sermon Tuesday evening, April 26th, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, lecturer in the University of Chicago and editor of NEW UNITY; subject not announced. Rev. E. M. Vittum, pastor Congregational Church, Grinnell, who will preach Wednesday evening, April 27th. Rev. N. S. Sage, LL. D., Charles City, "The Causes of Modern Unbelief." Rev. Charles E. Perkins, pastor of the Congregational Church, Keosaqua, Ia., "Honest Thought and Catholic Thinking." Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Ia., "Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero Heart." Rev. P. M. Harmon, minister of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn., "The Church and Young Men." Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., "A Cure for Poverty." Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.; subject not announced. Rev. Sophie Gibb, Boone, Ia., "An Expurgated Christianity." Rev. Joseph Stolz, minister of Isaiah Temple, Chicago, "The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Waterloo, Ia., "Reciprocity: What the Church Does for the Community; What the Community May Do for the Church." Rev. A. G. Wilson, Decorah, Ia.; Rev. Elinor Gordon, Iowa City; Rev. Amos Crum, D. D., Webster City; Rev. George W. Skilling, university extension lecturer for the University of Chicago; subjects not announced. Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids, "The Relation of Women's Clubs to the Church." Mrs. Van Vechten, the president of the board of control of the Home for the Friendless and president of the Federation of Woman's Clubs for the state of Iowa, needs no introduction to our readers.

Mrs. Emma Waller Grover, assistant court reporter for the appellate court for the southern district of Kansas, and one of the best known leaders in the Baptist church of that state, will preach the Sunday after the congress. Everything looks toward one of the most remarkable gatherings held in this state for many years.

Frances Willard.

"America mourns her great prophetess of renunciation. A woman's voice that has reached thousands of young warriors on the battlefield of life, at the critical moment when powers drooped, when the mind was confused and the heart distracted, and summoned them to take up arms against the most subtle of foes and to meet the grimmest of enemies. Frances Willard has been a feminine incarnation of the voice ever old and ever new, and has spoken again in many ways the old, old gospel for which there is no substitute."

She has pointed the old, old way from which there can be no departure. Science, luxury, geniality, culture, hospitality, cosmopolitanism have all, in their way and turn, offered the specious argument that a "little indulgence," a "little hilarity," a "little good time" over cups and pipes are possible, and still the stronghold of virtue, manly and womanly, be held, the heavenly citadel of purity be obtained.

"Thousands upon thousands of strengthened men and reformed homes testify to the value of this gospel of renunciation, and it is the very same gospel, whether enforced by the sweet persuasiveness of the gentle woman of Evanston or the great renunciants. Thousands upon thousands of lives have been wrecked during the lifetime of Frances Willard; hundreds of homes have been embittered; the lives of the little children have been saddened and shadowed because there were those who persisted in believing that the grim alternative presented in the 'Song Celestial' of the W. C. T. U. could have been avoided."

Admitting all her limitations, "the growing years will increasingly demonstrate that Frances Willard's was a prophet's voice and that she did a prophetic work. She represented a divine incarnation of the modern gospel of temperance. She took the well-meaning enthusiasm of a few praying women, converted the Ohio crusade, which contained the *minimum* of wisdom and the *maximum* of fervor into a movement that has spread throughout the civilized world, and largely through her own guiding a movement that has been increasingly international. I know not whether in the history of human reforms there can be found another story that will parallel this movement of Frances Willard in its assimilative power, its capacity for appropriating new life, and allying itself with new forces and kindred movements."

What began an intensely dogmatic, orthodox campaign against a few saloonkeepers, has followed the logic of the situation, been true to the guidings of reform, and has taken to itself, one after another, the lessons of science and the principle of evolution vs. revolution. It has widened its battlefields until it has included tobacco, in all its ugly forms, and all

social filth. It has championed woman suffrage, popular education, the home beautiful. It has compelled all but three of the states in our Union, Arkansas, Georgia, Virginia, to introduce physiological temperance, a scientific study of stimulants and narcotic poisons, into the *curriculum* of our public school. This great movement has steered itself clear of the clutches of all denominations and all political parties. In the main, it has kept itself free from entangling alliances. It has kept itself abreast with the movements of thought until now it stands on the advance line of orthodoxy, a great liberal and liberalizing force. It has practically been not only a liberalizing but a unifying power in the religious world of incalculable significance.

"We have differed from these workers and sometimes distrusted some of the work; we have not been in the councils of this movement, but we pay glad tribute to the great and benignant work of Frances Willard. And we are more than glad to declare our ever-growing belief that the essential postulates of this prophet of temperance are eternally true. The civilization we are working for, the reformation of society we are seeking, the scientific manhood and womanhood we profess to believe in, implies abstinence, total, unmitigated abstinence, from alcoholic drinks as an habitual beverage, as a social embellishment, as a luxury, or as an indulgence, when unjustified by the physician and not called for by specific conditions."

In some wise way it implies, we believe with Frances Willard, legal protection of our youths, and other helpless ones, from the dangerous temptations and the awful demoralization of the "Bar," whether it be found in the vulgar saloon or on the costly sideboards of the clubs. We believe the same is true of the always expensive, always unwholesome, always uncleanly, always unnecessary, and always degenerating weed, tobacco, in all its forms. It must go eventually out of the lives of the high and manly, and when it is gone, life will be sweeter and purer. We believe, again, that social purity, the single standard—manhood as clean as womanhood, masculine tongue as free from filth and vulgarity as feminine tongue—is also a necessary condition of the domestic refinement, the corporate purity, the habitual nobility that we seek.

We are consoled in this hour of death with the great thought that such power as Frances Willard's cannot die, that the work she has started cannot be defeated, and that the voice of this modern prophetess will be continued until the story of that Ohio crusade, broadened into the story of the Woman's Christian Union, and still widened into a "Men and Women's Christian Temperance Union," and that into a Temperance Union, not "Christian," but *human*, not in the name of Christ alone, but in the name of the redeemed and redeeming hosts of the whole world. I see one after another of the adjectives fall off from this honorable, but cumbersome title, until there remains the one glowing word, the central, eternal, vital core of this movement of which Frances Willard was prophet, and that word is "UNION." UNION in its largest significance, a UNION that will realize the unity of races, religions, ages, the unity of God with man, of earth with heaven, the unity of truth with virtue, the unity that drops all the plurals and leaves us not nations and religions, but one nation and one religion, one country, which is the world, and one family, which is humanity. For this end the "Divine Song" of America joins with the "Divine Song" of India in declaring to us our duty:

"Do thy part!
Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
Nought better can betide a martial soul
Than lawful war; happy the warrior
To whom comes joy of battle—comes, as now,
Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
A gateway unto Heav'n.
* * *
"Brace
Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat;
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin!"

A Prophecy.

There will be other reforms and reformers when we are gone. Societies will be organized, and parties will divide on the right of men to make and carry deadly weapons, dynamite and other destructive agencies still more powerful, that human ingenuity will yet invent. They will divide on the question of the shambles, and there will be an army of earnest souls socially ostracized, as we are now, because they believe that the butcher should cease to kill and the sale of meat be placed under ban of law. There will be a great movement to educate the people so that they will use neither tea, coffee nor any of the numerous forms of anodynes and sedatives that are now tempting millions to deterioration and death, and which will more strongly affect the finer brain tissues of more highly developed men and women. Long after the triumph of the temperance reform has universally crystallized upon the statute books; long after the complete right of woman to herself and to the unlimited exercise of all her beneficent powers is regarded as a matter of course; long after the great trust of humanity takes to itself the earth and the fullness thereof as the equal property of all, there will remain reforms as vital as any I have mentioned, and on them people will group themselves in separate camps even as they do to-day. And it is not improbable that the chief value of the little work that we have tried to do on this small planet, lies in the fact that we have been to some extent attempered by it, we have become inured to contradiction, and we may be useful either in coming invisibly to the help of those who toil in the reforms of the future, or we may be waging battles for God upon some other star.—*Frances E. Willard.*

Notes by E. P. Powell.

By all odds the best thing that the Japanese have done for us is to teach us a more artistic and refined way of conducting our public entertainments. If we must have warships, let us at least not launch them with a libation to Bacchus. This custom of breaking a bottle of whisky was formerly associated with house-raisings. The writer knows a church from whose rafters a bottle was swung and dashed to the ground when the last timber was put in place. The whisky was bought at a store owned by one of the deacons of the church. Those days of orgies in the name of religion have long been passed. Now, let us put an end to Bacchanals elsewhere. The Japanese, seeing our helplessness, suggested the releasing of a cage of birds as the vessel slid off its stays. Hereafter let us launch our ships with the happier omen of the white dove.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt of New York is an optimist of the right sort. At the recent annual meeting of the University Settlement Society, in New York, he said: "I believe that every day the world, instead of going down, is going forward—that it is growing better, more hopeful, more lovable. The man who writes the history of the nineteenth century will find that two elements dominate all else. One of these is the principle of association. No man is fighting by himself, or for himself; but for all mankind. In this respect the next century will be better than the past. Many evils will disappear, and I am sorry that I cannot hope to live and see it."

The all-around wakening to the fact that some of our colleges have become places where vice is uncontroled and no attention paid to moral restraint, has been met by a cry of, "Meddlesome outsiders have nothing to do with college government!" But boys' parents have a good deal to do with college misgovernment, and no government at all. And all colleges will learn this fact, if they dare to knowingly persist in subjecting the boys entrusted to their tutelage to moral contamination. The fathers and mothers have the first rights. They are above the colleges and college corporations, and it is for them to say whether their boys shall be trained to usefulness, or be allowed to fall into habits that blight their manhood. They may not know so much about Latin, and Greek, and specific science, but they will have something to say that shows they know good education from bad.

A few weeks ago President Harper of Chicago University startled the people with the announcement that many of the students in our colleges and universities are underfed and unable, therefore, to do sound intellectual work—in other words, bluntly expressed, there are students who are being starved—starved out of proper achievement. Now, one of the followers of Maringes says that "all social changes and political revolution must be sought not in the brains of men but in the economics of the period." And another professor comes forward with the theory that we shall be able to regulate human development, in time, absolutely by the kind and quantity of food supplied. At any rate, while our millionaires are endowing the professors of the universities, would it not be as well if they turned their attention to endowing the students' departments, especially the culinary?

It is not easy to estimate the debt which Americans owe to their intellectual workers, especially in the fields of American archæology, ethnology, and history. We must know our own institutions much better than we do before we shall be able to train our children wisely to perform the functions of citizenship. Dr. Justin Winsor, who died recently at Cambridge, devoted his whole life to historic research, and with the result of leaving to us a heritage of accumulated knowledge that cannot be overestimated. As he finished his last book, entitled the "Westward Movement," he laid down his pen saying, "I have told my story, now I am willing to take a rest." It was destined to be that long, long rest from which there is no waking into this life.

Every believer in the people as capable of self-government will be interested in the progress of the trial at Wilkesbarre, Pa. During the progress of a strike Sheriff Martin, commanding one hundred deputies, opened a murderous fire upon the strikers, killing eighteen and wounding over forty. The question is now before the courts whether men, driven to desperation by poverty, but doing no more than marching with flags, can be shot down because unwilling to obey the order of a sheriff to disperse. Peaceable assemblage and procession belong to all men, however poor and however ignorant. There is some wrong in a political and economic system that creates in thirty-five years four thousand millionaires and half a million of tramps—a system that breeds glutted markets, lowered wages, strikes, and possible affrays of the sort above noted.

The Secretary of the Interior estimates that inside of thirteen years all that is left of the public land will be absorbed, and the nation as a whole will have no more such property either to sell or donate. This is the statement of a fact that we shall find it hard to take in its full import. Very little of this whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific but has passed through government hands. It seems that the whole of this has been disposed of largely with little compensation, if any, to the people, and largely to create our most troublesome corporations.

The Ethical World.

"And thou did'st dare to disobey these laws?"
"Yes; for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, should'st overpass
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live forever; nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being."
—*The Antigone, Sophocles.*

What are we to expect from this new interest in ethics? Is it something transient, or will it survive? We must speak of it as "new," because outside of England, where it already prevailed, it has been looming up within the last few years in a way it had not existed for a long while before.

Some fifteen years ago, a student from America called on one of the leading professors at the University of Berlin, and asked him to suggest the names of the more recent works on ethics which ranked along with the great works published on this subject over in England. The answer was, "There are none." Yet it seemed almost incomprehensible, when realizing that we had all looked to Germany as the fountain-head of philosophy.

But a change was coming. In 1886, Wundt, of Leipsic, who had been making a new path in so many directions, published his great "Ethik." Already, the year before, Steinthal gave to the world his volume on the same theme. Then came the splendid work, "System der Ethik," by Paulsen, of Berlin. This was in 1889. Afterwards, in 1892, appeared the two volumes by Simmel as an "Einleitung in die Moralwissenschaft." Hoeffding was at work on the same lines in Denmark, and Jodl in Austria.

The tide was turning. Although it had turned long before in England, with Matthew Arnold's new ethical interpretation of the Bible, with the writings of such eminent leaders as Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, Herbert Spencer; and with such a great work as the "Prolegomena," by Thomas Hill Green.

In this country it has been spreading likewise; although, perhaps, we have no works as yet quite of the same grade as those to which we have referred, issued in Europe. Outside the writings of some of our ablest men directly within the sphere of Ethics, the spirit is also manifest in the New Psychology. We can see it appearing in the work of G. Stanley Hall or Professor James. We all know of what Dewey, of the Chicago University, had been doing from the other standpoint of Hegelianism already while he was at Ann Arbor.

Then, too, there are the ethical societies. One after another they have been springing up in the large cities of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago. This tendency to organize has been appearing also in Europe. Ethical societies are arising all over Germany, and even appearing in Italy. They have existed for a long while in England. Besides this, there now is published in Philadelphia a journal devoted exclusively to the subject, the *International Journal of Ethics*, with writers from all over the civilized world.

The new spirit is clearly noticeable in the popular speech of the day. We see it in the novels. The writings of W. D. Howells are saturated with it. The clergy have caught it and voice it nowadays as they had not voiced it for many years. They talk of it in the pulpits in a way they had not been wont to talk of it. Some of them place it conspicuously in the foreground of their work.

It has given us forms of speech which were not customary many years ago. This may be fortunate or unfortunate; because there is always danger when words of deep significance pass into everyday language. But to-day we are talking of "The Ethics of the Medical Profession," "The Ethics of Journalism," "The Ethics of Trade"—even "The Ethics of Politics," if there is any ethics there. The world is waking up to the fact that there is a code of ethics for every sphere of life; that there is no possibility of getting away from the right and wrong side of every practical problem, of every issue which touches on our daily existence. We meet the word in almost every copy of all our large daily papers. It is common on the title page of our periodical literature. In fact, the use of the word has gone so far that we may have to step in by and by and arrest it, lest it lose its real depth of meaning and vanish away in the slang of everyday speech.

The new spirit is almost certain to survive, even if the words should change. Ethics, like theology, has been brought down from the skies, discovered inside of us, instead of being searched for in the ether of metaphysical speculation.

It is true. There is an ethical side to every question. We see it in reference to some of the great political problems; for example, the tariff. There is first its influence on the immediate interests of trade or the business world. That is one special side of it. There is also the economic phase of the subject; how a tariff effects the growth and expansion of wealth for a whole country, irrespective of individuals. Furthermore, it has its side in political science; how far it is concerned with a development

of a national spirit. But over and above all, there is the ethical phase, the right and wrong of the question, and how the eternal laws of right and justice are concerned with the tariff.

What is true of the tariff applies to nearly all the lesser or greater issues of our human life—there is an ethical side everywhere. We are bound to consider it. And it should be considered, in a sense, independently of the other phases of all these problems. We need our literature devoted especially to to this one line. Every work of art, every musical composition, every story or essay, every statue or work of architecture, has its ethical significance, and should be studied also from that side. Just in the same way there is an ethical side of history, and an ethical trend in all past literature. We can trace it in the great dramatists of Greece, in the poetry of Athens, as well as in the philosophy of Plato. We can see it in Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. It is grandly conspicuous in Hawthorne and Ralph Waldo Emerson. This does not take away from the literary quality of the work nor from its artistic elements. But all the while, there is this *additional* ethical feature we are bound to be on the lookout for.

If there is a business world, a political world, a theological world, there is also an ethical world.

Can this ethical world ever be a popular world? It is doubtful. For it means putting one's finger on the sores, and people find this an uncanny experience. After all, we adore *comfort.* We do not like the "shall" and "shall not" any more than children do. It disturbs our serenity. A good out-and-out battle on the street or on 'Change over money matters or business may have something exhilarating about it. But a battle which works us up so much on the inside and leaves us with a rankling, uneasy feeling there—this is something we do not like. The business world has its charms for every-day people; but not so with the ethical world.

The great works on ethics look well on our library tables. There is something abstract and grand about them, even if we do not read them. The philosophy of the subject has its fascination, both for the drawing-room and for serious people. As long as it is abstract and intellectual we rather like it.

But when there is reduction in one's income, when wages go down, or corporations stop paying dividends, then it is another matter. To be interested in ethics at such a time would mean putting one's philosophy into practice. Under those circumstances we are inclined to shirk the subject and find it rather tiresome. Most people like cushioned seats, velvet and sealskins, a good table, and the best cigars along with their ethics.

"The unwritten laws that know not change," we say. It stirs one to the very depths to recite that utterance from the birth time of philosophy. There is something sublime about those unwritten laws! But suppose we make them mean something. Suppose that they mean that we should pay our honest taxes, or that a mother shall not lie or cheat about the ages of her children to the street-car companies. How vulgar and commonplace that seems! We prefer the airy speculations. It is more satisfactory, apparently, to keep our ethics up in the air, where we have kept our theology.

When we come down to earth there is a great deal that we do not like to see; and, what is more, that we do not like to think about. Yet if we do think about the ills everywhere, we like to think of them through stained glass.

Suppose we point our finger at some of these ills. Will any one pay attention? Will any one care? It remains to be seen. W. L. SHELDON.

Independent Women.

Mrs. Edgar Nye, widow of the humorist known as "Bill Nye," has made a very distinct statement in reply to the announcement that her husband left her "penniless." Like the daughters of Harriet Beecher Stowe and the family of Mark Twain, this lady declines to answer the knock of any bungling charity-giver at her front door. The fact that her husband spent more money on their North Carolina house than she can get out of it, or that certain investments have gone badly, Mrs. Nye very justly considers her own private affair. She intimated rather plainly, in her open letter in regard to the mistaken kindness of the New York *Journal* which asked for a subscription for her, that even if she were "in destitution," it was her business to work her way out of it, not to sit weakly down and eat the bread of strangers because her lost husband had chanced to amuse them. There is a great deal of pluck and philosophy, too, in such an attitude. Eugene Field's daughter showed just the same "advanced" state of mind feminine when she went to work after her father's death — as she would, perhaps, had he lived — to earn what she could with her talent for public reading.

There are frequent examples of this sort of thing in these latter days. It will, doubtless, never enter into the mind of Mrs. Edgar Nye to lament "better days," or permit any reproach to her husband's memory because he was generous or even extravagant in his lifetime. There is always a great deal said about American women who marry for money or for titles. But such a woman as this widow is really more typical of the feminine fibre in our democracy, for she faces the music of life as it comes, whether high-pitched with fun like Nye's, or full of the minor chords of her mourning for him, which is proved deep and genuine by her prompt refusal to permit anybody to trade on it or literally to make capital of it for any temporary good in her behalf.—*Boston Daily Transcript.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Love.

What makes the mists aglow with light,
Or star-gleams through deep sorrow's night;
Or yet, the intimations fair
Of hope's fulfillment, wildly rare?

What flushed extravagance is this
That, reckless, brews the wine of bliss,
And pours into each melting hour
The subtle draughts of life and power?

O, is it not a master wand
Distilling virtues pure and grand?
Methinks 'tis love, that highest goal
And sweetest perfume of the soul.

EDSON B. RUSSELL.

The Workingman in Ancient Rome.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE HISTORY CLASS OF THE GOODWILL SCHOOL OF ETHICS AND RELIGION, STREATOR, ILL.

The story of the workman's life in the early days of Rome must be dug out of legend, tale and ballad, with a filling in of human nature by the story-teller to make the history intelligible.

The story-teller and the song-singer went the rounds of the country towns and villages of ancient Rome and supplied, indifferently well, the place of the newspaper and dramatic company of our day. These ancient Romans had their wine-shops, where the farmers foregathered, swapped lies and cattle, and quarreled and fought and made friends again, just as do the more intelligent men of our generation.

In the family the father was parent, priest and king. His word, right or wrong, was law. His wife and sons and daughters were virtually his slaves. The brutal father might maim or kill his offspring. The miser might sell his children into slavery again and again. Or, if the father were lacking in natural love for his family, he could give them away to be adopted by some childless Roman who desired their services and association during life, and their prayers after his death to redeem his soul from purgatory. In these transactions the wife and mother did not count. All that she had or inherited, or that she and the children earned, went into the common fund, and the "old man" had a first lien on that fund. This was good law for those times. It enforced obedience and discipline. As it was in the family, so it was in the clan. As it obtained in the clan, so it was carried into the government of the kingdom. The "rex," or king, expected absolute obedience. He had been accustomed to receive it, and his subjects obeyed him through a course of training acquired and ground into them from their childhood. Such were the social relations of the Romans in the earlier monarchies. Later on came the hired man, and later still the slave.

The "hired man," or plebeian, was an emigrant who entered the Roman kingdom of his own free will, at his own expense, with the prospect of improving his condition. "The slave" came as an "assisted emigrant," very much against his will, at some one else's expense, and with the prospect of improving some one else's condition.

The story of the coming of the plebeian may be given thus: In the beginning of things there were three tribes, or clans, of a common stock who agreed to consolidate their interests and enter into a trust to reduce expenses and expand their business. The combination proved a success from the start. Their business was to acquire property and land. They probably had not heard the words of the poet who said that

They shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can,

but that good old plan sufficed for them just the same. They had the power to take and the strength to keep, and so, like the trusts of our own times, they flourished exceedingly well.

And they were like the trusts of our own times, too, in that they made things very awkward and uncomfortable for the little fellows whose land and property they acquired in the expansion of their business. Many of these little fellows had their heads broken, in the difficulties that arose between them and the trust, before they could be persuaded that it would be to their advantage to give up their positions and stock in their old companies for shares in a foreign trust and no position at all.

But when they had been "pacified," and discovered "where they were at," they found their lands and their occupations gone. And where they had gone the people followed and became plebeians, common people, the hired men of the Roman trust.

From their first coming in the plebeians seem to have divided into two classes—the larger and more independent class, retaining the general name of plebeians, and a smaller and craftier class, who came to be known in the community as clients. The first class spread all over the country, most of them, however, making for the towns and cities, probably artisans, thinking that there they would be most likely to find employment. The client, on the other hand, sought to attach himself as a hanger-on to some one in office, whether it might be army, church or state. He was the original valet or gentleman's gentleman. He was the first seeker after the appointers to minor office. He first made himself useful, then a necessity, and, finally, a nuisance. He was doubtless among the smartest and cleverest of the plebeian emigrants, and probably supplied the brains for many a stupid Roman patron. His wits, sharpened by necessity, were a great help to his patron, whether it was in the church, state or field of military operation. And he saw to it that his own interests did not suffer.

Although the experience of the plebeian with the Romans, collectively, had not been a happy one, they found that the Roman, individually, was a very decent fellow; and the hired men and their families increased and multiplied even more so than the Romans themselves. One reason for this was that the plebeians were not allowed at this time to take any active part with the Romans in extending the business of the trust. And, as people still protested vigorously against the trust absorbing their heritage, and kept on holding meetings and killing Roman deputy marshals, it often happened that the plebeian hired man was left in charge of the farm while his Roman boss went a-soldiering. And the story goes that the plebeian came off a good deal better in the breaking up of land than his Roman superior did in the breaking in of heads; for very often it was the

Roman skull that was fractured, and then that Roman was settled right there for good. The plebeian, in the mean time, managed the farm for the Roman's wife, and after a decent interval married the Roman's widow.

True it is that the Roman law forbade the marriage of Roman and plebeian; but where marriage laws are so directly opposed to woman's interest, woman's wit will circumvent them. If the Roman law would not legalize their wedding with their hired man, they hunted up some other old law and made that do; and, remembering their former experience and slavish condition, they took good care that husband No. 2 when he took the widow did not take the farm. They held on to their goods and chattels, and unconsciously established the first branch of the Woman's Rights Association in the Roman dominion.

As time went on under these conditions, things began to get somewhat mixed. The plebeians kept increasing in numbers and influence. The sons of the Roman mother and her hired man were clamoring for the franchise and, incidentally, for office and honor. Plebeians born on Roman soil, taught in Roman schools, and fired with Roman enthusiasm for glory and conquest by land and sea, were agitating for admission into the army and navy. "And there were others." The Roman merchant or farmer was both business man and soldier, and no doubt it was very disagreeable, to be called away from milking the cows, or selling soap and candles, to put an iron pot on his head and lace a lot of sheet-iron and brass about his person, and lie out at night and catch a cold and rheumatism to help out the trust in pushing its claim for the earth. And the Roman grumbled. But there were smart men in the trust who found, what they thought, a solution of all these troubles in the importation of cheap labor. Slaves, prisoners of war, were brought by twenties, hundreds and thousands to compete with the plebeians in the labor market. The plebeians had been contending for equal rights. The slave was content if his life was spared and he got board, lodging and a little spending money. Things were in this condition when the trust came into competition with another corporation in their line of business, and with such disastrous results that they were glad to effect a compromise and a consolidation with their competitors. In reorganizing the new company, a new set of officers were elected, including a plebeian "rex," or king. He, in turn, reorganized the army, navy and civil service in such a way as to give the well-to-do plebeians the franchise, and open the way for their young men to enter the professions hitherto monopolized by the Romans. The plebeians proved to be good soldiers, but instead of disbanding when so ordered at the end of a campaign, they held on together and went into camp to consider ways and means to have the franchise extended and to open up more offices for free competition. They were "up against" life-termers in office. "To the victors belong the spoils" had been their battle-cry in the field, and their shouters kept it up in camp. And as their valor in the fight had won them spoils and slaves, so their audacity in camp procured for them better laws and more freedom.

The end of the monarchial period finds the Roman farmer, his plebeian overseer, and the foreign slave working the farm between them. The distinction of classes was not very sharply drawn as yet. The farms were small and the people poor. They had no money. They bartered their goods and gave copper in bulk to cover balances. Wages were paid in kind, and labor was traded back and forth as our farmers do now in thrashing time. The very lowest laborer, the slave, seems to have been well treated. He got bed, board, and a small allowance in wages. By saving his earnings he could purchase his freedom in six or eight years. And, once free, his previous condition does not seem to have been any bar to his advancement. Many of the freedmen rose to positions of eminence and trust. When the last pretender to the Roman throne had been driven from Roman territory, slavery was a well-established institution. The term plebeian meant a class of people more than a race now. When the plebeian entered the army he was a Roman soldier. By birth and breed he was as much a Roman as any, and as soon as he left the class, he left the name of plebeian and became a Roman with all a Roman's rights and privileges.

WILLIAM HALL.

The writer of the above is a workingman, formerly a miner from the north of England, who has acquired all he knows by self-help, with no special training in literary form. This effort at the interpretation of ancient history into a form which is readily understood to-day, shows what talent lies fallow, ready for the church that will open to the "working classes" and all other classes that means of self-culture.—EDITOR.

Tolstoi's Ideal.

Under the cold, dry earth grew a little root, but it was the root of a great tree, and round the tree all the plain was bare. The root pushed up toward the light and heat, while its fellows pushed down toward the water underneath. When the root came to the light, it burst into a shoot and put out a green top, and the shoot said: "All the plain is bare, and I am far from the tree; I can do nothing." Nevertheless it pushed upwards. A drove of cattle passed by, and trampled down the little top, and it said: "This is death, and I have accomplished nothing." Nevertheless, the root drew strength from the great tree, and while it grew thicker and stronger it fed the great tree, and the root blossomed again into a shoot. At last it pushed high up, and then it saw many shoots peeping from the ground about the tree of love. And some of them withered away and moldered on the earth, but some waxed strong and spread, and all the plain was covered by the branches of love. The root is life, the light is truth, and we are the shoots, my brothers.—*Bolton Hall.*

The Gift of Love.

It is in loving, not in being loved,
The heart is blest;
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,
We find our quest.

If thou art hungry, lacking heavenly bread,
Give hope and cheer;
If thou art sad and wouldst be comforted,
Stay sorrow's tear.

Whatever be thy longing or thy need,
That do thou give;
So shall thy soul be fed, and thou, indeed,
Shalt truly live.

—M. Ella Russell, in Sunday School Times.

"The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best."—*George Eliot.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Self-Exiled.*

BY REV. WALTER C. SMITH.

I.

There came a soul to the gate of heaven
Gliding slow—
A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,
And white as snow:
And the angels all were silent.

II.

A mystic light beamed from the face
Of the radiant maid:
But also there lay on its tender grace
A mystic shade:
And the angels all were silent.

III.

As sunlit clouds by a zephyr borne
Seem not to stir,
So to the golden gates of morn
They carried her:
And the angels all were silent.

IV.

"Now open the gate and let her in,
And fling it wide;
For she hath been cleansed from stain of sin."
St. Peter cried,
And the angels all were silent.

V.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin."
She answered low,
"I came not hither to enter in,
Nor may I go:"
And the angels all were silent.

VI.

"I come," she said, "to the pearly door
To see the Throne
Where sits the Lamb on the Sapphire Floor,
With God alone:"
And the angels all were silent.

VII.

"I come to hear the new song they sing
To Him that died.
And note where the healing waters spring
From His pierced side:"
And the angels all were silent.

VIII.

"But I may not enter there," she said,
"For I must go
Across the gulf where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe:"
And the angels all were silent.

IX.

"If I enter heaven I may not pass
To where they be,
Though the wail of their bitter pain, alas!
Tormenteth me:"
And the angels all were silent.

X.

"If I enter heaven I may not speak
My soul's desire
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire:"
And the angels all were silent.

XI.

"I had a brother, and also another
Whom I lov'd well;
What if, in anguish, they curse each other
In the depths of hell?"
And the angels all were silent.

XII.

"How could I touch the golden harps,
When all my praise
Would be so wrought with grief-full warps
Of their sad days?"
And the angels all were silent.

XIII.

"How love the loved who are sorrowing,
And yet be glad?
How sing the songs ye are fain to sing,
While I am sad?"
And the angels all were silent.

XIV.

"O, clear as glass is the golden street
Of the city fair,
And the tree of life it maketh sweet
The lightsome air:"
And the angels all were silent.

XV.

"And the white-robed saints with their crowns and palms
Are good to see;
And O, so grand the sounding psalms!
But not for me:"
And the angels all were silent.

XVI.

"I come where there is no night," she said,
"To go away,
And help, if I yet may help, the dead
That have no day."
And the angels all were silent.

XVII.

St. Peter he turned the keys about,
And answered grim:
"Can you love the Lord, and abide without,
Afar from Him?"
And the angels all were silent.

XVIII.

"Can you love the Lord who died for you,
And leave the place
Where His glory is all disclosed to view
And tender grace?"
And the angels all were silent.

XIX.

"They go not out who come in here;
It were not meet;
Nothing they lack, for He is here,
And bliss complete."
And the angels all were silent.

XX.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
"By pitying less
The sinful living, or woeful dead
In their helplessness?"
And the angels all were silent.

XXI.

"Should I be liker Christ were I
To love no more
The loved who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?"
And the angels all were silent.

XXII.

"Did He not hang on the cursed tree,
And bear its shame,
And clasp to His heart, for love of me
My guilt and blame?"
And the angels all were silent.

XXIII.

"Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this,
Singing all day with the Seraphim
In selfish bliss?"
And the angels all were silent.

XXIV.

The Lord Himself stood by the gate
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle and meek;
And the angels all were silent.

XXV.

Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts;
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs:
And the angels all were silent.

XXVI.

And He said: "Now will I go with you,
Dear child of love.
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In heaven above:"
And the angels all were silent.

XXVII.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear;
They who are worst, but need Me most;
And all are dear."
And the angels all were silent.

[She reaches heaven's gate; there meets St. Peter, and explains to him why she will not enter.]

*This sermon poem in an abridged form is an old friend in the columns of THE NEW UNITY, it having been printed there some dozen years or so ago. Recently some movings of the spirit led a friend of THE NEW UNITY to send it to the editor, printed on a slip, evidently published by some lover for private distribution. But upon comparing this tract leaf with the full text as printed in Stedman's Victorian Anthology, page 238, we found that Stanza XI was omitted from this tract leaf, an omission, if accidental, is unfortunate, for it leaves the keystone of the arch out. The point that makes the human argument an appeal is not only weakened, but mutilated. If the omission was intentional, it is more than unfortunate. It belongs to that class of literary mutilations for theological or other reasons that amounts to a spiritual vivisection of the author,-whose right should be protected by public sentiment. In the interest of literary integrity, as well as for the sake of the theological and spiritual lesson involved, we print the whole poem in our sermon department, glad to restore the dismembered stanza to its place of honor in the poem, the uniqueness and power of which is testified to by time and the approval and appreciation of the competent. For the benefit of the reader, who will naturally want to know more of this author, and perhaps will be tempted by this poem to seek further and find more of the same kind, we append the biographical note found in Mr. Stedman's Anthology. The Anthology, in addition to the "Self-Exiled," contains an extract from the "Daughters of Philistia," in "Olrig Grange:"

"Smith, Walter C., clergyman—Since 1876 has been pastor of the Free High Church, Edinburgh. Author of the following books of poetry, some of which have passed through several editions: 'Olrig Grange,' 'Borland Hill,' 'Hilda,' 'Raban,' 'Bishop Walk and Other Poems'; also of 'North Country Folk,' 1883; 'Kildrostan, a Dramatic Poem,' 1884; 'A Heretic,' 1891."

At Emmaus.

They did not know Him as they walked,
Their eyes were holden while He talked;
But when at home He brake the bread,
"It is the Lord!" they quickly said

Wouldst know the Christ? Make Him thy guest;
His hearth-stone manner shows Him best.
—*William Hervey Woods, in the Independent.*

The Joy of the Working.

I thought that I was a husbandman whom God sent into a dreary world. I toiled, breaking up the hard earth and clearing off the ground, but the more I worked the rougher looked my plot; for where the briars were cut away, stones showed through the sand. I was tired, and when I saw God I said to Him that the vines went astray faster than I could straighten them, and that where I planted my grapes, wild grapes grew up instead. God said to me that there was strength in the wild grapes, and I said: "Aye, Lord, but look at the stones." God said: "Do not I need the stones?"

But when I saw that God watched me as I worked, I said: "The toil is hard, but I shall see the fruit." God turned away, saying: "You shall not see the fruit." I cried after Him: "But there will be fruit, O Lord?" and God said: "Of all your labor there shall be no fruit."

I said, complaining: "Lord, it were so much better to find wild flowers, that might be trained to be more beautiful; but there are always thorns for me to cut." And God said: "If there were not thorns, I had here no need of such a husbandman as thou."

I went on working, for then I knew that I labored in the garden of the Lord that was to be.—*Bolton Hall, in the Outlook.*

The Sunday School.

A Wish: To Marjorie.

If change must come to you when you ascend
To those far courts where we sojourn for aye,
How shall I know you in that distant day,
When scenes of earth with those of Heaven blend?
How shall I come to you who now attend
My footsteps as I journey down the way?
What sign between shall there be to say
You stand within the presence of your friend?
I know nought of the wonderland that lies
Secluded from my view, but should a change
Possess the dreamy depths of those blue eyes,
Or rose-red cheeks, or bind your tresses' range,
I should not know you; in the olden guise,
I hope to greet you where all things are strange!

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

Ray's Crossing, Ind.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XI. EGYPT.—THE ROSETTA STONE.

The year 1822 marks an epoch-making discovery, the greatest linguistic triumph of this or any other century, the finding of the key to the old Egyptian hieroglyphic or priestly writing, and the restoration to the world of a forgotten language. This discovery antedates the deciphering of the cuneiform inscription of the Behistun rock by some sixteen years, and has been the means of unlocking treasures whose historic value can scarcely be overestimated.

The Rosetta stone, by whose means this thrilling discovery was made, was found in the year 1799, during Napoleon's expedition in Egypt, by a French officer of artillery while making excavations at Fort St. Julien, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. It was finally surrendered to the English, was taken to England in 1802, and presented by George III to the British Museum. It was a common piece of black basalt, three feet two inches long by two feet five inches broad, and bore three inscriptions, or rather, what proved to be one inscription in three languages, the old Egyptian written in hieroglyphics, the demotic or enchorial, and the Greek. The upper part of the stone, the part bearing the hieroglyphics, was badly mutilated. The Greek was fairly well preserved and was read without difficulty. From this it was found that the stone was a memorial offered by the priests of Memphis in honor of King Ptolemy Epiphanes, who reigned over Egypt 198 B. C. It declared that the decree of honor should be engraved on tablets of hard stone in the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek characters, and that a copy should be placed in each of the higher-class temples in Egypt, "at the statue of the everlasting king."

A fac simile of the three inscriptions was made, copies were sent to antiquarians everywhere, and several scholars began independently to work out the problem. Several difficulties delayed the solution. One of these was the preconceived notions which kept students on the wrong track. Chevalier Palin was well assured that if one were to translate the Psalms of David into Chinese and write them in the hieroglyphic characters, the result would give a number of the Egyptian inscriptions, and the general inclination was to work out the problem from

within rather than by means of external data. It was several years before it was found that the hieroglyphics were phonetic instead of ideographic. But perhaps the greatest hindrance of all lay in the fact that the boy, whose brilliant genius was to succeed where many had failed, was only nine years old when the stone was found. Much creditable work was done by Silvestre de Sacy, by a Swede named Akerblad, and by the English Doctor Thomas Young, but it was left for Francois Champollion, a Frenchman born at Grenoble, in 1790, to work out the problem to its final solution. It had been already guessed that the hieroglyphic characters were at least partially phonetic. It was also suspected that the groups of Egyptian characters enclosed in cartouches, or ovals, were royal names. Champollion argued that since the Greek proper names found in the Rosetta inscription could not be translated, but must have been carried over bodily into the Egyptian, they must be represented by characters used to indicate the same sounds in the priestly writing. If this were true, certain letters could be identified. Now the name of Ptolemy was found in the Greek text fourteen times, and a certain cartouche group was found to occur about the same number of times in the ancient writing. The inference was inevitable that this group stood also for the name of the great king, Ptolemy. By the same reasoning, another group was believed to stand for Cleopatra. In 1822 another link in the chain of evidence was discovered in an obelisk from Philæ bearing an inscription in Greek and in hieroglyphics. The Greek inscription, like the one on the Rosetta stone, contained the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra. Comparing the inscriptions, the Egyptian words believed to be Ptolemy and Cleopatra were found to correspond exactly in the two records. There was no longer any doubt about these two words. Then the first character in the word Ptolemy should correspond to the fifth in Cleopatra, the second in Ptolemy to the seventh in Cleopatra, and so on. They were found to be precisely alike, and these characters were, therefore, positively identified. The triumph was close at hand. Other letters were determined in the same way, and the work went on until about two thousand hieroglyphics were determined, and the foundations of the new science of Egyptology were securely laid. The enthusiastic young scholar next undertook a series of Egyptian explorations, and during the next few years published a number of works which rank as permanent contributions to scholarship. The hardships which he encountered, added to his unremitting toil, resulted in a fever from which he died in 1832, to the lasting regret of the world of scholars.

What time is it?
Time to do well;
Time to live better;
Give up the grudge;
Answer that letter:
Speaking that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest;
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice, of truth being fond—
Making your word just as good as your bond.

—Montreal Witness.

The Study Table.

To a Snowbird.

Dear little bird with bright black eye,
If you but knew my eyes were kind,
How swift the pretty form would fly
Our shining porch-berries to find!

Dear little bird with fluttering heart,
If you but felt my heart was true,
That fairy figure soon would dart
To sheltering hand held out for you.

Dear little bird with glancing wing,
Did you but know I long to fly,
Perhaps you'd sit quite near, and sing
To me in my captivity.

Dear human heart, be not afraid.
Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
He knows by whom the worlds were made;
To speed thee on is His delight.

—Frances E. Willard, in the Independent.

Whitman's "Wound Dresser."*

William D. O'Conner said of Whitman: "His was the truest compassion I have ever known." The truth of this statement is fully verified by the revelation contained in Whitman's letters to his mother, written during the war, and now first published by Small, Maynard & Co. Such a record of the war as these letters present has never before been published—such a record of passing events and persons, of the war's interior sights, its appalling sacrifices, its thrilling emotions, and its exalted comradeship. It is a record made with absolute fidelity, while the eyes rested upon the scene, and its gladness or sadness filled the heart. Many readers will dwell upon the external sights—so vivid, so contemporary, finding them valuable for pictorial or historical reasons. The passing of a cavalry regiment is thus described: "They were preceded by a fine mounted band of sixteen (about ten bugles, the rest cymbals and drums). I tell you, mother, it made everything ring—made my heart leap. They played with a will. Then the accompaniment: the sabres rattled on a thousand men's sides—they had pistols, their heels were spurred—handsome American young men (I make no account of any other); rude uniforms, well worn, but good cattle, prancing—all good riders, full of the devil; nobody shaved; very sunburnt. The regimental officers (splendidly mounted, but just as roughly dressed as the men) came immediately after the band, then company after company, with each its officers at its head—the tramp of so many horses (there is a good, hard turnpike), then a long train of men with led horses, mounted negroes, and a long, long string of baggage wagons, each with four horses, and then a strong rear guard. I tell you it had the look of real war—noble-looking fellows; a man feels so proud on a good horse, and armed. They are off toward the region of Lee's rendezvous, toward Susquehanna, for the great anticipated battle. Alas! how many of these healthy, handsome, rollicking young men will lie cold in death before the apples ripen in the orchard." The descriptions of the camps and the hospitals are no less true and vivid. It is so seldom that the horrors of war, its interiors, and sacrifices,

*The Wound Dresser. By Walt Whitman. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

get into the books that these disclosures, while painful, are to be welcomed for their truthfulness.

Other readers will find most valuable the autobiography of the letters—the accounts of the poet's simple habits and personal doings, the passages that throw light upon his remarkable personality, the evidences of his exceptional attachment to his mother and of his enormous capacities of comradeship. "Mother," he wrote, "can you wonder at my getting so attached to such men, with such love, especially when they show it to me—some of them on their dying beds, and in the very hour of death, or just the same when they recover, or partially recover? I never knew what American young men were till I have been in the hospitals." Of his method in the hospital he writes in one place: "As there is a limit to one's sinews and endurance and sympathies, I have got in the way, after going lightly, as it were, all through the wards of a hospital, and trying to give a word of cheer, if nothing else, to every one, then confining my attentions to the few where the investment seems to tell best, and who want it most. Mother, I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up—and being a good deal with them; the men say it is so, and the doctors say it is so—and I will candidly confess I can see it is true, though I say it myself. I know you will like to hear it, mother; so I tell you."

With the letters are also published several articles written by Whitman to Northern newspapers, giving account of "The Great Army of the Wounded," "Life Among Fifty Thousand Soldiers," and "Hospital Visits." Of these and Whitman's other war papers, Dr. Bucke, the editor of the present volume, truly says: "I do not believe that it is in the power of any man now living to make an important addition to the vivid picture of those days and nights in the hospitals drawn by Whitman."

When all is said I think it will appear that the chief value of these letters is personal. Whitman's life contains a profound philosophy. Many lessons may be drawn from it—this in particular: Here was a man, the law of whose life was love. He did not go to serve in the hospitals from any sense of duty, or from any external compulsion whatever, but that he might live out his nature. When a man is hungry he eats; so Whitman engaged in service that he might satisfy the craving of his nature for love and comradeship. No special praise belongs to him for this deed—no other, at least, than is due to his sincerity. He loved because it was his nature to love. Truly he could say: "What others give as duties, I give as living impulses."

The editor writes in the preface a warning that is, no doubt, needed: "These letters make no pretensions as literature. They are something quite different from that — something much less to the average cultured and learned man; something much more to the man or woman who comes within range of their attraction. But, doubtless, the critics will insist that, if they are not literature, they ought to be, or otherwise should not be printed, failing (as is their wont) to comprehend that there are other qualities and characteristics than the literary, some of them as important and as valuable, which may be more or less adequately conveyed by print."

Oscar Lovell Triggs.

Ways, Songs and Wanderings.—By Claiborne Addison Young. Illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry. Boston. Estes & Lauriat, 1897. Cloth, 16 mo. $1.00.

If the writer of these verses has not the soul of a poet we will never venture an opinion on the matter of poetry again. Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary and which is the more dominant it would be hard to say, so long as the essence of the thing is the subject of debate. It is different when we come to the form. In that there is more strength than beauty. It is as if Mr. Young had taken a lesson from Whitman and not learned it perfectly. Whitman was consistent in his lack of form. He attempted a noble rhythm and he gave us that, not always with the same lofty stress. But Mr. Young uses the ordinary measures frequently and yet uses them with such indifference to their laws that we get the impression of mere carelessness when he is deliberately lawless. The breaks in his rhythm give this impression even more than his defective rhymes. Of course in both these particulars he has the great example of Emily Dickinson, but these are particulars which in her case seem more spontaneous than here. Mr. Young should, we think, have had more form or less. The conventional forms of verses do not deserve a slavish reverence, but neither should they be treated with contempt.

Nevertheless, such is the substance of Mr. Young's message that it makes us tolerant of the form and would if his offenses were much greater than they are. There is a spirit of hope and courage and daring in him which contrasts delightfully with the puling pessimism of many versifiers in our time. There is a power of general conception that is attractive and remarkable and the felicity of many lines and phrases affords a pleasure which we seldom have to wait for long. The range is wide, from such delicate things as "The Wild Rose" to "The Indian Ox-Driver" and even these do not represent the ultimate extremes of Mr. Young's tenderness and daring. Sometimes the latter smacks too much of things coarse and vulgar for our taste. On the other hand, many of the poems are profoundly religious, and some of the most religious are those which are the least orthodox. There is great searching of the heart in the poem called "My Christmas." Mr. Young is a Unitarian minister, preaching in Canton, Mass. If his sermons from week to week abound in the spirit that utters itself in these poems at their best, happy must the people be who hear the joyful sound.

J. W. C.

February Magazines.

The February *Review of Reviews* contains a very good article on the "Advance of the Peace Movement Through the World." But it has the misfortune to contain a hysterical rambling fusillade by W. T. Stead, the English editor. The article is of the Japanese firework sort. It sputters and fizzes, and nothing comes of it. It is in parts positively incoherent. Its arraignment of English politics is as far from truthful criticism as the attack upon American popular government. He assumes that we have come to the time when government by the majority has lost the confidence of the people. Yet he claims that the coming political order will be the selection of "the capable" to govern. Does the man suppose that republicanism means anything else than an effort on the part of the people to select

the capable? Has monarchy come any nearer absolute success in selecting wise rulers? It happens to be true that of all the Bourbons and Hapsburghs and Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs, and even Hanoverians, not more than than one out of ten at present, or for a century past, has not been either idiotic, insane, or afflicted with unnatural vice.

The English Magazines, *Nineteenth Century* especially, are overhauling English political and army affairs with caustic criticism. The last named magazine has an article on the War Office and Sham Army that is phenomenal. It opens a door that has been held tight shut hitherto, and it is high time it was opened. England stands where she stood one hundred years ago in need of a man—a Pitt or a Canning. Of course he will come, but he is not now in sight in either party. Anti-Semitism has reached over from Germany and France to affect English social life. It is a moral disease that breaks out periodically. But in the magazines the Jews have the best of it. An article by Arnold White is a pathetic effort to show that Jews after all are a shade worse in debasing labor than the native-born English. He does not make out his case.

The *Atlantic* has done grandly in admitting an article to its February number concerning the capture of government by the money power. It is one of the most powerful papers this able magazine has ever published. Mr. Chapman finds this to be but a chapter in the history of commerce, the result of the growth of wealth, and the concentration of capital during the last quarter century. He details the methods, rise and progress of this capture, from its small beginnings unto its full development in State bosses, like Platt and Croker; and until the whole community is poisoned with the belief that honesty does not pay, and that even justice must be bought. He thinks, however, that the worst stage is already passed. He believes that the disease of our body politic is not mortal, though it has been acute. He does not show, however, that boss rule is, in many phases of it, an essential part of party organization; and that it is not seldom the swaying of the masses by the most intelligent and even moral. The Cabots in Massachusetts, the Strongs in Connecticut, the Clintons in New York, were bosses one hundred years ago.

The *Literary Digest*, issued by Funk & Wagnalls, is in its sixteenth year. It has the advantage of being not only a Digest, but a thoroughly readable magazine of current events. I am not sure but that it is the very best family journal for those who wish to keep pace with the literary and political life of America. Its instincts are of the very best sort. If it has any bias, and even a digest may have a bias, it is toward political righteousness and social purity.

We shall never climb to heaven by making it our life-long business to save ourselves. The process is too selfish; the motto of the true Christian is coming to be, "All for each and each for all," and in the honest purpose to realize it severy-day meaning, we acquire "A heart at leisure from itself," *and in no other way.* *Frances E. Willard.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Loyalty of each to the other is the basis of all true, disinterested friendship.
MON.—It is not less love that the world needs, but more and better.
TUES.—To be ruled by love is man's highest destiny.
WED.—Nature will give you no peace if you live for yourself alone, and fail to throw your best life forward into the life of the next generation.
THURS.—Through discipline alone comes steadfastness and repose. It is this fact upon which all government is founded.
FRI.—The only way to discipline the souls of men and women in purity and strength is along the path of experimental helpfulness to each other.
SAT.—It is the destiny of the world to grow better, to act from purer motives, to love with higher intents and aims, even at the cost of some mistakes and failures.

—*Caroline F. Corbin.*

Katrinka.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,
Gazed from her casement low;
Far off, the great-sailed windmills
Stood darkly in a row,
And the sky with the changing splendor
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,
Thrilled with the glorious sight,
"If all the beauty around us,
And all the love and delight,
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise
To bide with us, day and night.

"I wonder if all the goodness
That makes us steady and true
Glides softly in with the dawning
To gladden us through and through—
To lift our hearts to the Giver,
And help us in all we do?

"Yet, whether we lose it or keep it,
Depends upon many a thing:
Whether we 're lazy or busy,
Whether we grumble or sing;
Whether our thoughts are noble,
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka,
"How grand!—But the day has begun.
There 's breakfast, and spinning, and mending,
And kettles to shine—one by one—
Good-by, you dear, beautiful morning!
There 's so much to do; I must run."

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,
In the land of the dyke and the sea!
They who live in the glow of the dawning
Are, all the world over, like thee,
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,
Faithful in shadow and sadness—
The path of the day is diviner
Wherever their light may be.

—*Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in October St. Nicholas.*

Turtle Dick.

BY EDWIN SANDYS.

Dick, as I named him in honor of the red-faced lad who found him somewhere in the marshes, was a plebeian turtle—the lad called it "turkle." I say *was* a plebeian, not because Dick is dead, but because he has broadened and developed under kind treatment until he has become quite a gentleman, and a very interesting gentleman at that.

Dick came, along with a second and smaller turtle,

in a box, so he is a box-turtle sure enough. He is a trifle larger than a saucer, and is marked with yellow upon a brownish ground. The other turtle is almost black, with a few light markings. He and Dick detest each other. They are of different varieties, and the small black fellow is allowed to do as he pleases, in view of the fact that he is only beginning to be friendly. The pair have full liberty of the garden and the studio. They spend most of their time in the studio.

When I took Dick from the box he hissed like a cat, and his jaws came together with a click that suggested cutting-pliers. The two were turned loose, and they crawled about the garden at their own sweet wills, apparently eating nothing until the frost came. Then both burrowed deep at opposite corners of a flower-bed, and they were soon forgotten.

One day last spring I noticed an earthy-looking lump in a sunny corner, and the lump proved to be the smaller turtle alive, though rather languid, but it soon brightened up and crawled about.

A couple of days later I was astonished to see a patch of earth moving. Presently Dick emerged and explained the mystery. He was dull for a time, but by the following noon the sun had worked wonders with him. His orange eye was sharp as a needle, and he seemed to be on the watch for something. Bits of raw meat he refused to notice, and I wondered what he was going to live upon.

When I picked him up he hissed, promptly drew in his head, legs and tail, and at once closed his shell. In a spirit of mischief I rapped softly with my knuckles upon the center of his lower shell, and asked, "Is there anybody within?" To my intense amusement his head slowly emerged and he looked around in a most comical manner. I softly drummed him with my fingers and his legs appeared —he seemed to enjoy the performance.

After that, whenever I wanted him to show his head and legs, the drumming process proved irresistible. Soon I ventured softly to scratch his head, and though at first the head would vanish like a flash, he did not evince any marked displeasure. At last he became perfectly willing to allow his head to be scratched, and I could tickle his neck or handle his legs without fear of the terrible cutting-jaws. Now he seems to enjoy being handled, but the hiss sounds, and head and legs vanish if he is touched by any one else than myself.

One evening, after the garden had been well sprinkled, I caught him in the act of feeding. The sprinkling had brought big worms to the surface, and Dick came from his favorite corner in the studio and began to creep about among the plants. He was very intent upon his work, and presently I saw him change his course and steal forward, something after the fashion in which a cat steals upon a bird. He advanced so slowly that his motion was almost imperceptible, and when he finally halted his neck was extended much further than I had ever before seen it.

Directly across his path lay a worm as long as a lead pencil. Dick's head stole near to one end of the worm and he carefully examined it. Dick cautiously shifted his head until the other end of the worm was within reach, then followed a quick snap, and the worm was captured. I could hear the cutting-jaws slicing through the victim, and I went down to see what was going on. Dick had a foot upon the worm's body, and the worm was as helpless as a man would be with an elephant standing on him. In a few moments the worm had passed to where it would do most good. Within ten minutes Dick had missed his stroke at a second victim and had seized and devoured two others. Then he toddled back to the studio.

After that, for a time I dug worms for him, but happening to offer him some wet bread, he ate it so heartily that, with such worms as he catches for himself, it has been his food ever since. He can eat half a slice of bread without any trouble, and it is interesting to watch how neatly he cuts each mouthful and how cleverly he selects the spot where he can secure the biggest bite.

When company is expected Dick has to wear his swellest garb, a broad, crimson ribbon, which is tied around his shell and into a huge bow upon his back. So attired he gravely marches about as if he considered himself no unimportant personage. When all the pets are "dressed up" with similar ribbons, the effect is very comical.—*Our Animal Friends.*

Sardine Catching in Old California.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

The next time the little readers of this paper eat sardines it may interest them to remember how they were caught in the old California days. Only Spanish and Indians were in California then, and they were far more interesting to look upon than the present inhabitants of the Gold State. The men of the aristocracy — caballeros — wore jackets and trousers of colored silk over white lace and linen, high boots of soft leather, broad hats covered with silver eagles; the women — donas — full, flowered gowns, and a strip of silk about the head and shoulders, and many jewels. The Indians wore a gray striped blanket, their children nothing but a shirt twined about the waist and tied in a knot at the back.

In the autumn, on certain days, all the fine people stood on the beach of the Bay of Monterey, and watched the Indians catch sardines. The Indians would wade up to their knees in the surf and scoop up the swarming little fish with their nets. But the sardines would sometimes come to the shore in shoals to escape the greed of the larger fish. It was a very fine sight to see the silvery fish rushing through the dark blue water, then leaping over the rocks on the white sand.

In the bay the great whales spouted like geysers or reared so high above the water that the sword fish, seeing his chance, sprang upon and pierced his enemy. Thereupon, the whale would drift to the shore and die among the sardines. Hundreds of birds, attracted by the dead fish, would fly down from the pine woods on the hills and add to the liveliness of the scene by their tireless darting and screaming. At night, when the caballeros and the donas were dancing in adobe houses, and the Indians were asleep, bears and cayotes would come prowling out of the hills and eat what the birds had left.—*American Youth.*

The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel.—*Horace Walpole.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Creedless.

He knows no creed
Nor golden chalice wet from chilly lip,
In cold communion passed in joyless feast,
Nor cares to stand where soulless sermons drip
In doleful cadence from the surpliced priest.
He cannot think that plea of puny man
Will mitigate the universal laws,
Or change in detail, an unerring plan
Through sounding suppliance in a selfish cause.
To him no sacred nail or saintly bone
Has magic power to soothe or drive away
The pains and griefs that cause the world to moan,
Though holy coffers bulge with pious pay.
He has no creed.

He has a faith—
A faith that leaps the narrow walls of creed,
And gains its strength from lessons, planet taught.
He has no favor for the eager greed
With which the penny-grabber's plea is fraught;
But he, with charity, walks hand-in-hand,
And brings the light of hope to joyless lives,
Where over-pious creedlings fear to stand,
And hope is dead, and only horror thrives.
Across the narrow chasm dug by pride,
The thoughtless-vicious taught in hardship's school,
He leads, to walk upon the other side,
Within the precepts of the Golden Rule.
Has he sore need of creed?

—Will Harrell.

BOSTON.—The Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, son of the great English biographer of Robertson, and the noble interpreter of literature, has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Boston, having served acceptably for eleven years.

SPRING VALLEY, MINN.—In the People's Church last Sunday the pastor preached our first anniversary sermon at 10:30 A. M., to one of the largest morning congregations we have ever had. A very fine display of cut and pot flowers made the large stage look very cheerful indeed. Sunday was the birthday of both church and pastor. The regular four-page bulletin was printed for this occasion in colors. It represented a large envelope, addressed to "The People's Church, Spring Valley, Minn.," and on the upper left-hand corner was printed, "After ten days return to St. Valentine, Rome, Italy." The stamp on the upper right-hand corner was a cut of our pastor.

Monday evening in the Opera House the church held its anniversary banquet, at which 400 people partook. After supper was over, the reports of the various societies were given. The church has 350 members, the Sunday-school 216, the Ladies' Aid Society 100, the Young People's and Junior Societies 140. The total amount of money received by all of these various societies was $2,322.46. Nearly all societies showed a balance on hand after all expenses were paid. After the business session was over nearly all, old and young, remained to enjoy a social dance and have a good social time.

X. X. X.

ON THE LECTURE CIRCUIT.—Within the last month the senior editor of this paper has completed his series of six lectures on "The Heroes of Mind," delivered in the new hall entitled the Forum, on the corner of Forty-third street and Calumet avenue, Chicago. The lectures were undertaken by a local committee in the neighborhood. No special advertising was indulged in. No "attractions" were promised or offered. The topics reaching from St. Patrick to Lincoln; they were delivered from manuscript appealing to the thoughtful only, and the condition of attendance was a financial one, tickets for the course being sold for one dollar, single admission, 25 cents. And still the attendance ranged from fifty to one hundred and fifty, many of them people not heretofore reached by the voice of the speaker or any other representative of the liberal faith, all of them manifesting by steadiness of attendance and attentive listening the growing interest in high themes and in liberal ideas.

He has also completed a University extension course under the auspices of the Art Institute of Chicago, of six "Interpretative Readings of Robert Browning's Art Poems." Here again there was no attempt to make Browning easy; there was the minimum of the lecturer and the maximum of the poet. The poems were their own interpreters. Each reading was followed by some thirty or more of such pictures thrown on the canvas as would further interpret the poems. The readings were given at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the lecture-hall of the institute was well filled, the attendance averaging in the neighborhood of three hundred or more. This again proves that Browning's day has come; that there is a "public" now ready for his message and prepared to understand it. There was none of the old-time querulousness about his wanton obscurity, ambiguity, etc.

His visits to Ann Arbor and Davenport have already been reported. The week after the Iowa dedication he was at Ida Grove, on the far margin of the state, where he found a little town of two thousand, bristling with intellectual energy and progressive tendencies, maintaining a prosperous course of lyceum lectures, giving influential and enthusiastic support to the New Unity Church movement there, in charge of Miss Colson, and giving large and enthusiastic listening to a Methodist minister, who is breaking the bread of the liberal gospel on its humanitarian and practical side. The lecturer gave his "The Cost of an Idea" in the lyceum course in the evening, and the next afternoon at 4 o'clock the same hall was crowded with all the school children of the town and many of their parents, while he gave them a talk on "The Nearer Reverences Inspired by the Learned Eye."

On the eve of Lincoln's birthday, February 11th, in the far-off northwest corner of Chicago, in the George Schneider School, which has a new building with a noble assembly hall, at 7:30 P.M. the hall was filled with a bright audience, consisting of the children of the various departments with their happy fathers and mothers. The audience numbered seven or eight hundred, overwhelmingly foreign in its immediate antecedents. A choir of little boys from the lower grades sang beautifully some of the national songs, and the audience listened interestedly to the story of the pioneer who worked his way from the log cabin to the President's chair. This again indicated a waiting opportunity. The next thing to do in popular education is a public school extension, not a university extension, but the interpretations of culture aimed at the grammar grade intelligence, given in the public school building, the only common assembly grounds now within reach of the American public during those months when the weather makes the public parks unavailable.

On the birthday of the great President, the Woman's Club of Chicago, the initiator and instigator of so many good things, held a public memorial service, the musical numbers of which were under the management of Frederick Root, son of Geo. F. Root, the greatest of our national choristers, and the address was given by the editor.

NEW EDITION NOW READY.

TWENTY-SIXTH THOUSAND.

The Faith That Makes Faithful.

EIGHT SERMONS.

By WILLIAM C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

By W. C. G.

Blessed be Drudgery!
"I Had a Friend!"
A Cup of Cold Water.
Wrestling and Blessing.

By J. Ll. J.

Faithfulness.
Tenderness.
The Seamless Robe.
The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

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The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

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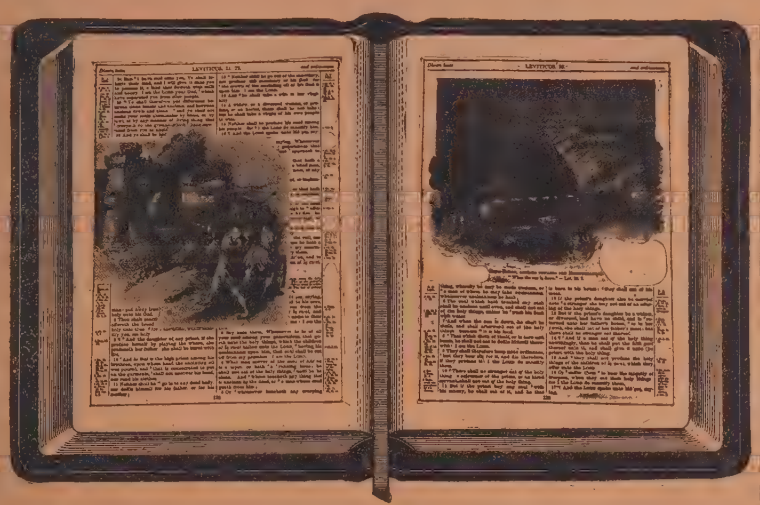

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

B. C. 1491.

may serve the E-gŷp´tians? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tians, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ses said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day,* &c.
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22 20. 4.

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

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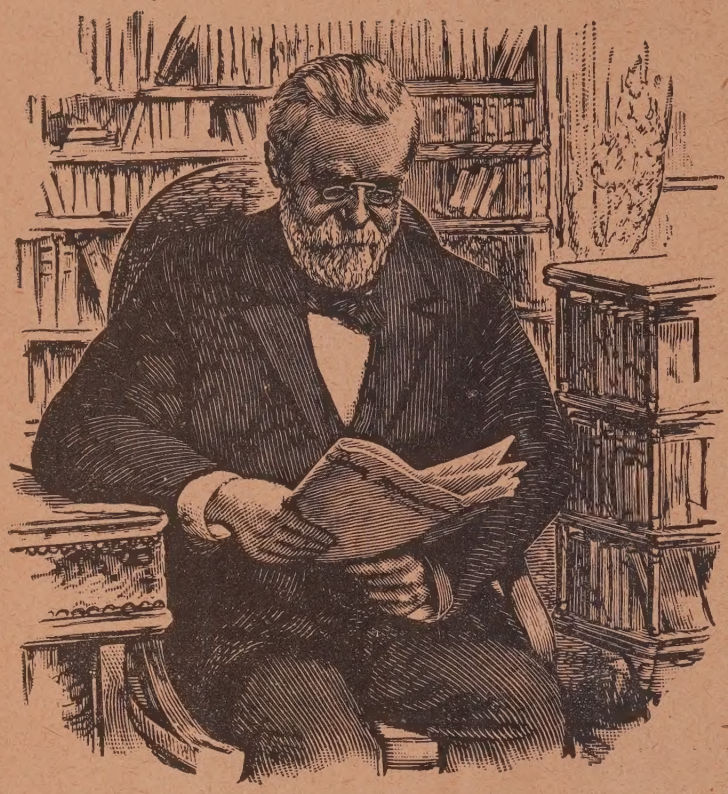

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